



P. La Roche del.

A. P. Gaultier sculp.



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P O E T I C A E 2

MISCELLANIES

O N *1162 f. 18,*
2

Several Occasions.

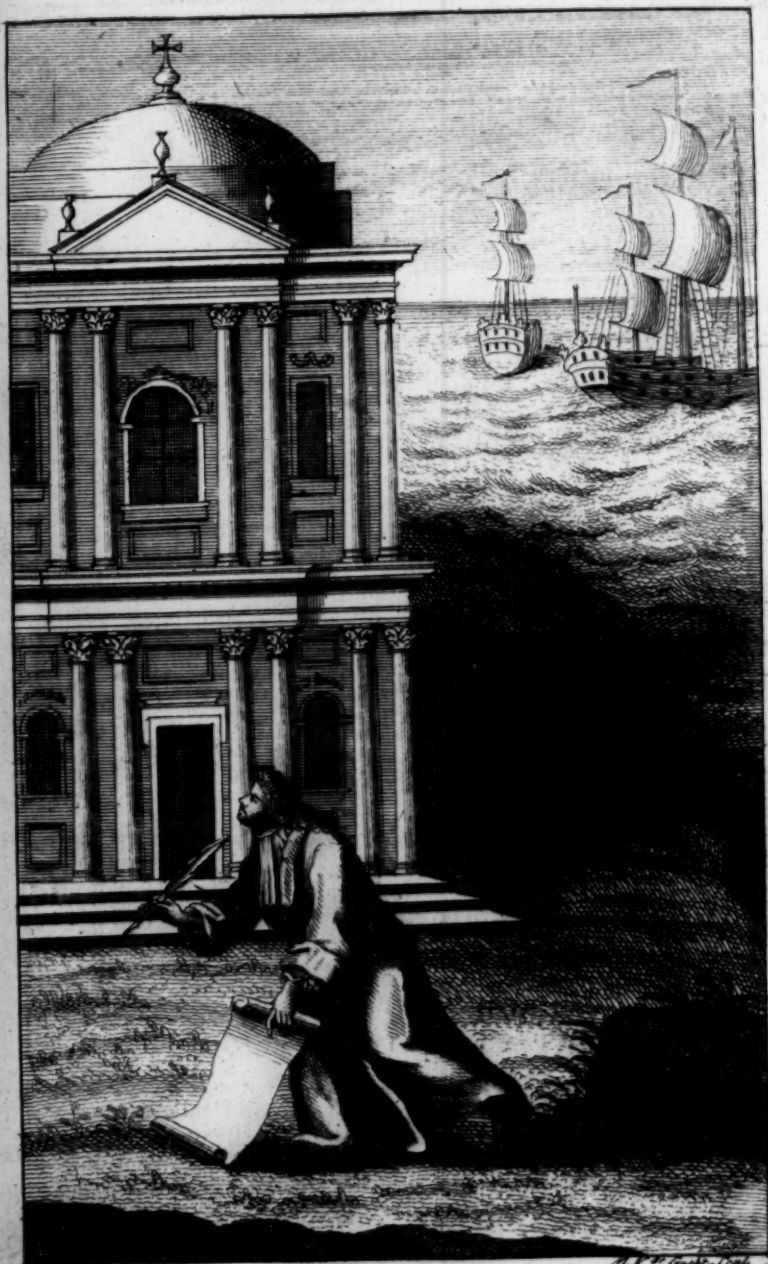
By SAMUEL JONES, Gent. *16*

*Verse flows a rich inextinguishable Fire ;
When dropp'd from Heaven, 'tis thicker sent again.
Angels and we, assisted by this Art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart :
Their joys are full, our Expectation long ;
In Life we differ, though we join in Song.*

Waller:

L O N D O N,

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH at the Red Lyon on
London-Bridge, and E. CURLE at the Dial and Bi-
ble against St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-Street ; and
sold by Mrs. Lucas and T. Hammond, Jun. at York,
T. Ry es at Hull, W. Freeman at Durham, and J.
Button on the Bridge at New-Castle. 1714.



L. Porgas del.

M. P. Gaultier fecit.

P O E T I C A L 2

MISCELLANIES

ON $\frac{1162}{2} \text{ f } 18.$

Several Occasions.

By SAMUEL JONES, Gent. *K*

*Verse shews a rich inestimable Vein ;
When dropp'd from Heaven, 'tis thither sent again.
Angels and we, assisted by this Art,
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Their Joys are full, our Expectation long ;
In Life we differ, though we join in Song.*

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Button on the Bridge at New-Castle. 1714.

PROBATION
MISCELLANEOUS

ON

GENERAL PRINCIPLES

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE FIRST EDITION
PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD
IN THE YEAR 1773
LONDON

THE SECOND EDITION

REVISED BY THE AUTHOR
AND CORRECTED BY J. JOHNSON
PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD
IN THE YEAR 1773
LONDON



TO
HUGH MACHELL
OF
APPLEBY,
In the COUNTY of

Westmorland, Esq;
These POEMS

ARE
Most humbly Inscrib'd,
BY
His most obedient Son
and humble Servant,
SAMUEL JONES.



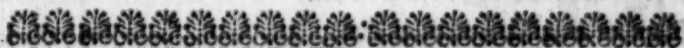
THE
PREFACE.

MAny are the Pleas Poetick
Authors make for appearing
in Publick : Some print at the Solli-
citation of Friends ; others to do
themselves Justice ; and I for the
Sake of good Company. For Poets
are like a Flock of Sheep ; one breaks
into the Common, and the rest
will follow ; which is all the Excuse
I make for troubling the Press at
this Time of Day. If amongst many
of my Readers, some few be pleas'd,
or some amended, I have gain'd my
Point.

POETICAL



{ P O E T I C A L
MISCELLANIES.



The INQUIRY,

In Imitation of Mr. COWLEY.

* **W**HAT shall I do to be for ever known?
How fend my Name to future Ages down?
Like Beasts or common People shall I die?
No Rumor, Star, or Prodigy,
The sad Mischance will show!
Unknown and unregarded shall I go?
No Crowds of Visitants will come
To see me die, or bear me to my Tomb.
When gone, perhaps a Friend or two
My Loss may mourn; nor shall
Those Tears be feign'd, or shed by all.

No

* Cowley.

No Pyramids, nor no Inscriptions show
 The Deeds atchiev'd by him below.
 The neighb'ring Nations cannot hear
 Big Words of me, great Action's Trumpeter !
 My Sphere inglorious, Parts minute,
 No Trophies raise to War or Wir.

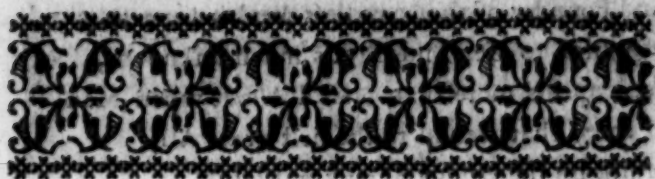
But then observe ! a nobler Flight I aim,
 A Height beyond the Reach of Fame,
 Eternal and Seraphick Bays to claim.

I please my self with those dear charming Things,
 Which Vertue ever happy brings,
 Nor wish that Ages far behind
 May to my Memory be kind.

No ! no ! to me let such a Life be given,
 As m y intitle to the Joys of Heaven.



POVER-



POVERTY,

In Imitation of MILTON.

HAIL happy Lot of the laborious Man,
 Securest State of Life, great Poverty,
 To thee thrice hail ! ———
 Millions of active Arms, to thee each Dawn,
 Of Supplications Feminine devoid,
 Erect their noble Nerves, ———
 Smile chearful on the sultry Steeds of Heaven,
 Vying in Labour with their painful Driver.
 To thee the cold and tedious Winter's Night,
 The Profit of innumerable Hands
 Most finewy all ! o' th' World's vast Altar burns.
 To thee ! consummate Happiness of Mind,
 And Health, and Length of Life, and Innocence,
 With all the Remnants of discarded Virtue,
 Are like Events to Causes ever knit.
 Despight of pompous Ornament, with thee,
 The Author of the Furniture of Heaven,
 Of which both Art's and Nature's Eyes see little

In the low'st Floorage of the Earth-nigh Chambers,
 And Founder of the boundless Wealth beneath;
 Of which to Men and Devils much unknown,
 Took up his more-than bless'd Abode when Man.
 In thee, that second to the first great All,
 Drunk up the Deluge of original Guilt,
 And brought the Face of Heaven's high Road to Ken :
 Beneath thy Umbrage very Frailties dy'd for.
 Hail then to th' Image of our Saviour's Life !
 As near as Human Things with Things Divine
 Can correspond. In imitation of
 Most venerable Poverty ! to thee all Hail !





TIME.

Time! ancient Time his Circuit goes,

And judges all our Joys and Woes;

Still varies in a Round, still brings

Fates unimagi'd on his Wings;

Still as an Apparition flies,

Still bubbles our o'er-weening Eyes;

Ere we discern, he's mounted high,

Sweeping his Passage in the Sky,

Follow'd by Death and Destiny.

Kingdoms and Countries over-ran

With War, ———

And Armies at a Blow cut down:

Monarchs derthron'd, or Princes dead,

Or ancient Fav'rites laid aside,

And new ones reigning in their Stead.

Victims of Time! ———

Too much employ our precious Hours,

Too great a Sum our Drink devours:

O' th'

O' th' Casualties of ev'ry Day,
 What Multitudes we throw away ?
 Too much we canvass others Fates !
 Too little mind what to our own relates !

III.

Pleasure ! that *Protem* of the Mind,
 Does ever gaudy Nothings find,
 Fancies Chimera's, fill'd with Wind ;
 But angry Fate, and our long Home,
 Too rarely in the Reckoning come ;
 Unless Misfortunes on us fall,
 We never think on Time at all.
 Talents wherewith to purchase Heaven,
 Tho' Time and Life to us were given ;
 Tho' none can Minutes slipp'd recal,
 None o'er their constant Flux prevail.
 We live, alas ! as if we were
 To have eternal Beings here.

IV.

Why, mortal Brethren, tell me why
 You will not live before you die !
 Ere you shake off these Robes of Clay,
 And into airy Regions stray,
 From all your Wealth and worldly Bliss,
 And once much valu'd Vanities,
 Most willingly you would depart
 To have warm Blood beat round your Heart.
 Laugh not at me, but live just now
 While Fate does Time for Life allow.

When

When the cool Thoughts of Death draw near,
 Our Limbs grow stiff with Pangs and Fear,
 Ten thousand thousand Worlds we'd give
 Our ill-spent Moments to retrieve,
 Or gain a little little Time to live.



B

The



*The XXXVIIIth Chapter of JOB
Paraphras'd.*

WHen *Job's* three Friends, and Satan with 'em join'd,
Had left to plague his Body and his Mind,
A Voice unseen, that like a Whirl-wind seem'd,
Thus said to him, whom Heaven so much esteem'd.

Who's this that dares with Doubtfulness of Speech
Disguise the Wisdom he can never reach ?

Who's this that with ambiguous Words dare hide
The Knowledge, which to know he cannot 'bide ?
Come gird thy Nerves, and strengthen all thy Might,
For I will try thy philosophick Wit :

Must'ring thy Atoms learn'd, renew thy Mind,
And all thy darling Tenents with thy Pow'r defend.

Where, when the Earth's Foundations first were laid,
Wast thou proud Man, that hast thy self array'd
With fancy'd Science and presumptuous Ken ?
Wast thou a Something, or a Nothing then ?
Who drew the Polar Scheme with Rule and Line,
Who all its various Workmanship design,
If ought at all thou know'st its Frame define ?

How

How is the Earth about her Axis turn'd?
 The Sun or it in Motion most concern'd?
 How is it fasten'd, if it does not move?
 How, if it does? And why not wildlier rove?
 Who when the Morning-Stars together sing,
 And Heaven's beautifullest Palace rung
 With beatifick Joy of all its Sons,
 Cemented then the never-failing Stones
 Of th' Earth's Foundations? Was it thou or I?
 Or can'st thou tell me? Was thy Spirit by?
 Who when the Ocean from his teeming Birth
 Broke forth outrageous on the scantling Earth,
 Repell'd the Flux of his intrepid Force,
 And made the Waters everlasting Doors?
 I Nature's God, inrobed them with a Cloud,
 I vehicle the Rain in Night's dark Shroud.
 When thou observ'st the daring Billows rise
 Mountrainous, and with Clamours threat the Skies,
 Know and remember, and for ever know,
 I made the Sea, and it's Propension too:
 I bid the Moon a strange Ascendant take
 To press the Waters on, or drive them back;
 I made them Hinges they will never break.
 Hast thou at all, since thou could'st Wonders do,
 Order'd the Morning Ev'ning to pursue?
 Or if thou hast, can'st thou with all thy Pow'r
 Day-breaking to the Womb of Night restore?
 Can'st thou command the Sun to keep a Book,
 And into all Mens privy Errors look,

That such as Reason deify, may know
 Almighty Justice sure, tho' sometimes slow,
 And quit the World to its deserving few?
 Time by an Influence invisible
 Is press'd, and bears the Image of my Seal,
 Stands like a Garment for its Station fit,
 Proportionate, and full, and all compleat.
 Those who the holy Paraclyte remove, ———
 Time shall destroy. All fancy'd Might like thine
 Dismay'd, will damn; when met with, might divine.
 Nature you boast to know, did ever you
 The dark Recesses of the Ocean view?
 Or can'st thou say to what capacious Urns
 The ebbing Flood retires, and how returns?
 Have Death's dire Gates oppos'd thy trembling Sight?
 Hast been o' th' Verge of an eternal Night?
 Oh, Death eternal! a Pourtraict of it,
 Thee Potent Nothing wou'd disrobe of Wit!
 Know'st thou, come tell me, if thou know'st (but oh!
 You'll vainly aim at what you cannot know:
 All think they know; some know, and some but guess)
 The Space 'twixt you and your Antipodes?
 Wast ever mounted on the Morning-Sun,
 Or made Companion of the waining Moon,
 To know where Light does her Avenues keep,
 And Darknefs all her sable Mantles steep;
 That thou may'st regulate the short'ning Day,
 And Night's intimidating Vestments stay;
 That thou may'st climb to Heaven, or creep to Hell,
 Where Day and Night in endless Glory dwell?
 Are

Are all these Things familiar to thy View,
 Thro' long Experience, and long Reading too?
 Or can'st thou like a God perceive, contain
 Past, present, and to come, within thy Brain?
 Now tell me, but —————
 Do'st thou thy own past weighty Actions know?
 Can'st thou all little Circumstances show,
 And recollect lost Time to fleeting now?
 Thy Grandfire learn'd in Days of old, no doubt,
 Has led thee Heaven's Treasury throughout,
 And Hail and Snow in second Causes shown,
 Which I, when War hangs doubtful, shower down,
 And with mean Arms, make Victory my own.
 Even now, how is the Whirlwind and the Light,
 Which talks with thee no Objects of thy Sight?
 How are they kept apart? The Air's Repose,
 And rugged Blasts, their Causes can'st disclose?
 What Anvil form'd the Thunder's rapid Light,
 And gave such diff'rent Properties to it?
 Who in the wat'ry Region of the Air
 Has made Canals? Who Flood-gates did prepare?
 That Desert-Worlds may fruitfuller become,
 And Wilds and Woods new uselefs Beauties bloom?
 Man waters not his Neighbour's Plants; and then
 The Rain's not his, as't rains where ne'er was Man.
 Nature presides o'er all she gives and takes,
 And only for her God her Order breaks.
 Fruits various in unpeopled Places grow!
 Nature, and Nature's God will have it so.

Has Rain a Cause ? Its Father then assign ?
 Clouds and the Seas ; who does its Drops refine ?
 Salt it's includ'd ; but unsalt comes back.
 Where goes the Salt ? How does it Freshness take ?
 Of Heaven, what strange cold Womb produceth Ice ?
 The hoary Frost, what plenteous Hand disperse ?
 How are they generated, how come down ?
 Does Nature work, or is the Act their own ?
 The Main triumphant but a while ago,
 O'er all the Sea-man's Art and daring Prow,
 Has all her Pride in subtle Shackles now. }
 Liquid's to solid turn'd ; Nature no more
 Seems capable the Waters to restore.
 The *Pleiades* sweet Influence can'st thou bind ?
 Or *Orion* Force from's Business long assign'd ?
 By Dint of Cabalistic Words and Art,
 Can'st thou fix'd, move, and moving Stars divert ?
 Can'st thou teach *Mazzarah* a fitter Time,
 The vaulted Arches of the Skies to climb ?
 For *Arthurus*, and all his Progeny,
 Wiser and more auspicious Aspects spy.
 Can'st thou peep thro' the Stars to Heaven's Throne,
 Or see my Orders ere Events are known ?
 Can'st thou arrest the Couriers of the Sky,
 And make them all thy Purposes obey ?
 Can'st with extensive Lungs invoke the Rain,
 Or bid it overwhelm the World again ?
 Can'st penetrate the Clouds with mortal Breath ?
 Or shroud thy Sins, the Surges underneath ?

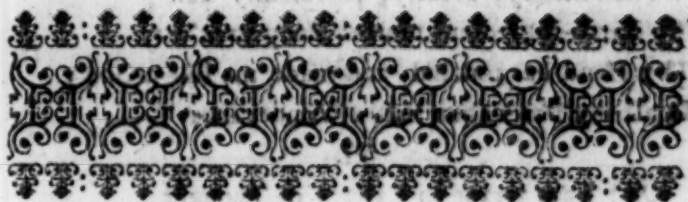
Can'st

Can'st make the Light'ning on thy Errands go,
 And wreck thy Vengeance on a distant Foe ?
 For thee submissively advance, retreat,
 And wound, or terrify, as thou see'st fit.
 Who bless'd the Body with a knowing Soul,
 Which actuates and wisely guides the whole ?
 Who gave it Faculties ? And who gives Grace ?
 Supreme Blessing thow'ld on human Race !
 Who, like the Clouds can act in Wisdom, who
 Those profitable Aqueducts outdo ?
 When dripping Weather threatens a slender Crop,
 Can'st thou the Heav'n's malignant Bottles stop ?
 'Till all Things thirst, 'till Drowth grow great again,
 And parch'd up Nature gape for absent Rain ?
 If to your Wills you had but equal Pow'r,
 How very many Mischiefs you'd procure ?
 A very few at once would happy be ;
 For never do your Minds and Interest all agree.
 Me, and my kindly Providences, still
 You totally neglect, or quite revile.
 Dar'st thou attempt the hungry Lyon's Prey ?
 His Young dar'st feed ? And what would'st make of me ?
 Think but how dreadful in their Dens they lye,
 When there's not one provoking Object by.
 Think too how hard and pitiful a Fate,
 Wer't thine, 'twould be, if seiz'd by one in wait ;
 Eaten alive, chern'd in his Fangs and torn,
 Living to suffer, suffering tho' you mourn.
 Am I no Lyon !

See with what wond'rous Pains and wond'rous Love
 I damning Prejudices wou'd remove:
 I am content with Flesh to be array'd,
 And liken'd to the Creatures I have made:
 Passions I seem to have, that you may know
 When Pow'r Almighty's injur'd what to do;
 Yet still am I! still o'er my Works preside!
 Serving by second Causes all that need.
 The Raven in the Wilderness I see,
 And aid with Food when he applies to me:
 I, when his Young are wand'ring very wide,
 Sustain their Wings, and to the Parent guide:
 What may not you obtain! —————

Be not presumptuous or despairing then;
 For God's undoubtedly the God of Man.





Part of the CXXXIXth Psalm
Paraphras'd.

I. and II.

ERE busy Fancy does Ideas form,
Or well digested Thoughts to Action warm,
Oh *Effence Immaterial* ! known to thee
Are all my *Motions*, all my *Vanity*.

III.

Thou always by, see'st balmy Sleep restore
My weary'd Body to its native Pow'r.
To thee the Mazes of my Steps are seen,
And Life's large Labyrinth's a common Scene.

IV.

My cunning and ungovernable Tongue,
With oily Air, her Neighbour cannot wrong;
Nor lightly use thy ever awful Name,
But thou o'er-hear'st, and punishest her Crime:
Unknown to me, my Words unutter'd yet,
Themselves to thy all-hearing Ear repeat.

V. Thou

V.

Thou kindly, greatly, powerfully hast
 My Earth-ingredient mortal Body grac'd :
 Thy Hand has touch'd, and made me like a God ;
 In all my Parts thou hast a Wonder show'd.

VI.

Oh ! I am wrapt in Extacy of Thought
 Of all the most stupendious Things thou'lt wrought !
 Give me, oh ! give me but a Spirit's Force ;
 For Human Understanding's much too court.

VII.

Tell me, oh ! tell me whither can I go
 Thy all-amazing Presence to eschew !
 To what remote, unknown Recesses fly,
 And hide my self from thy Ubiquity ?

VIII.

If up to Heav'n I take my daring Flight,
 Thou'rt there enthron'd in everlasting Light.
 If I descend to Hell's tremendous Dens,
 There thy Almighty Vengeance ever reigns.

IX.

If I cou'd borrow of the breaking Day
 Her silver Wings, and post with them away
 To th'utmost Margin of the wary World,
 Where all Things in Obscurity are hurl'd.

X.

Thy right Hand mighty wou'd dissolve me strait,
 Thy swifter Fingers intercept my Flight ;
 Disrob'd of my Machine, wou'd hold me there,
 Or to a Clime more wonderful transfer.

XI. If

XI.

If I shou'd vainly sooth my fond Desire,
And into Darknefs inner Rooms retire ;
Then shall that Night as wonderful be known,
As *Israel's* cloudy Pillar, *Josuah's* Sun.

XII.

Darknefs with Thee's no Night: Time and the Sun,
And all the silver Brethren of the Moon,
Are Man's Attendants ; but with Thee all's Day,
The blackest Midnight, as the brightest Ray.

XIII.

Before I ever did begin to be,
Thou in my Mother's Womb prepar'dst for me
A strange Receptacle, a wonderful Supply :
My Reins are thine, from thee my Being came,
My Soul's a Spark of thy immortal Flame.

XIV.

Thy glorious Attributes, Celestial King !
In Verse well-labour'd will I ever sing ;
And tho' I praise amiss, yet due Oblations bring.
For thou so wonderfully me hast made,
So beautifully thy Creation clad,
So fitted us for all we are to do,
No Will but thine cou'd e'er ordain it so ;
All Praise and Adoration then's thy Due !

XV.

My Bones, those walking Columns! Motion's Pillars: hid
With Covering various : to be seen, forbid
By Nature, tho' in Darknefs wrought, and long
In growing perfect ; all to thee belong :

Thou

Thou know'st their Use, and justly do'st resent,
That th' impious Knee remains so long unbent.

XVI.

Thy Eye omniscient saw my little Mass
Before the nicest Thought cou'd judge I was.
As Nature wrought, and I an Embrio grew,
Thy faithful Mem'ry kept me still in View.

XVII.

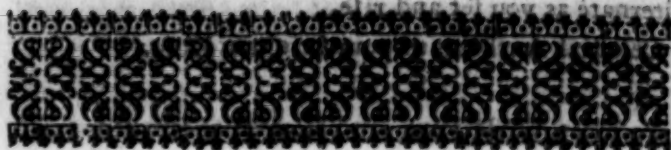
When Day, by Day, I tow'rs Perfection press'd,
When prompt for Life, when hanging at the Breast,
From my first Nothing to successive now,
To Thee, great Source of Love, all Good I owe.

XVIII.

How excellent ! stupendious ! and how good !
Are th' Privileges to our Nature shew'd !
How very dear thy Councils ! and how kind !
The Providence of thy Eternal Mind !

XIX.

Numbers ! and Art ! and all Comparifon !
And fertile Labours of a copious Brain
Too much th'unbounded Clemency demean !
There's no Similitude that suits with thee,
Save thy *ineffable Immensity*.



PSALM the CXLVIIIth, Paraphras'd.

L V

IN Songs of Triumph and of Joy,
Your Instruments divine and Voices raise
In Notes like him you sing without Allay.
Oh ! ye Celestial Choir,
The Fulness of your chaste Desire,
And Fulness of your Beings praise.

II.

All Orders Hallelujahs sing,
All Powers Adoration bring;
All Thrones of whatsoe'er Degree,
Oh ! Cherubin and Seraphin !
Apostle, Prophet, Saint, and Martyr too !
Who when below such wond'rous Things could do,
And all who ministerial Spirits be,
Join in this universal Hymn,
And bless the glorious One, the ever mighty Three.

III.

Parent of Light ! ———
And Beauty of the World ! thou Sun,
Thou Evening's Regent Moon,

D

With

With all your paler Kindred sing
 Alternate as you set and rise,
 Celestial Anthems to your brighter King.

IV.

Ye Skies, ye Heavens, and Heaven of Heavens fair,
 Ye Clouds and Regions of the Air,
 And Spheres which ever musically move,
 Conscious of what is done above,
 Express your Gratitude, express your Love.

V.

For all that ever you beheld
 Your selves most wond'rous as you are,
 So exquisite and rare,
 As Gods you have been stild,
 Were at his single Fiat form'd at first,
 He your Existence will'd,
 And the vast Chain of Nothing burst.
 He in a Moment did create
 And in an Instant can annihilate.

VI.

All your fine Order and your Change,
 Most useful beautiful Variety,
 His Will omniscient did in Order range,
 'Till now from the first mighty Let there be
 All the Vicissitudes of Years to come,
 Hidden in Time's unfathom'd Womb,
 If he but will, abortive shall become.

VII.

VIL

Thou Dragon of the vast Abyss,
 Thou vast Abyss! thou Hell!
 Where endless Pains and Imprecations dwell,
 Quit for a Moment your Damnation's Load,
 And with hallow'd Reverence honour God,

It may become you well,
 On Earth ye Demons, Foes to Man,
 Quit your sad Purpose for a while,
 And try, try, if you can,
 To force one seeming Smile.

Oh! all ye Prisons dark, and Dungeons deep,
 Where Cold, and Loss, and Want, in Grandeur keep,
 Ye Seas and Creatures of the Flood,
 Serpent o' th' Field, and Savage of the Wood,
 Praise, praise the bounteous Author of all Good.

VIII.

Him magnify, as surely much you do,
 Tho' some so much their second Causes show,
 Ye Elements! thou Fire! and Water thou!
 Thou Air, and Earth, and All that's done
 Beneath the Region of the Moon;
 Ye Rains! thou sleecy, and consolidare,
 And Waters, bound in Ice, your Share repeat!

IX.

The various Graces of the bounteous Globe
 In Summer's, or in Winter's Robe;
 In Wealth of Harvest, or Delight of Spring,
 His Kindness still Almighty, ever sing;

The

The swelling Mountain, and the humble Vale ;
 The rising Summit, and the purling Rill ;
 The warbling Brook's delusive, gentle Tale,
 And all those Rivers which the Ocean fills
 Their Maker's Bounty always tell.
 But oh ! the Wood ! the Wild ! the Pasture ! and the Plain !
 And different Growths of sundry Grain,
 Variety of Grass, of Herbs, and Roots,
 The noble Beauty, and the Use of Fruits.
 Art's at a Stand ! Numbers and Fancy fail !
 Their Products only speak the Donor well !

Oh ! cou'd I touch the trembling Lyre,
 So as the Brute Creation to inspire !
 All Birds, wild Beasts, and Cattle bring,
 All Creatures creeping, every Thing.

XI.

Come, all you numerous Son of Earth,
 You Hero's Royal ! Kings ———
 I'd almost said of an immortal Birth !
 Heaven's Representatives below !
 Come ! Come ! and all your proper Praises show !
 Convert the Fate of Arms and War ;
 To Peace ! Peace ! to the God of Love so dear.
 'Tis not the Scantling of a Clod or two,
 Or being mighty to subdue,
 That in the other World will profit you.
 Turn ! turn the fiery Tubes of Death,
 And Clang of Arms ! ———
 And let them nothing but God's Honour breathe.

Ye lesser Princes that would greater grow,
 And few, may very few, but would do so,
 Your Thoughts ambitious not forgo.
 For he that made you as you are,
 Can make you more than Monarchs far.
 Your Pow'r, Ambition, and your Greatness, join
 In Learning Virtue, and you'll grow Divine !

Ye reverend Men, whose Breath like Fate can give,
 Or take, and kill, or make alive,
 Judge for eternal Justice-sake,
 Your Sentence let it still your Deference speak.

XII. and XIII.

Come, Pride of Youth, and blooming Beauty too,
 All that can any Grace, or Virtue show,
 From the most long experienc'd Head,
 To the last Off-spring of the Nuptial Bed.
 Both Sexes, all Degrees of Ages, come,
 Let's make an universal Sum,
 In Hallelujahs all around let's join,
 And be like Heaven's Choir Divine ;
 For th' Essence of all Wisdom He,
 All Mercy, Justice, Majesty,
 By Heav'n and Earth, can never celebrated be !

XIV.

Intrinsic Worth from him will meet Reward,
 In Rags tho' cloath'd, an *Israelite* regard.
 The humble Soul it self shall raise from Scorn ;
 And all that honour him, themselves adorn.
 Mercy of Mercy, He ! had th' only Skill
 To sanctify the undesigning Will.

Those, who their God as an Example take,
Of Heav'n themselves most glorious Beings make :
To such, Celestial Harps and Crowns are given,
And they are made the Godlike Hosts of Heav'n.

Can make you more than Monarchs are,
Your Power, Ambition, and your Greediness, join
In Learning Virtue, and you'll grow Divine !
Ye reverend Men, whose breath like Incense give,
Or take, and kill, or make alive,
Judge for eternal Justice take,
Your Sentence let it fill your Defence Plead.

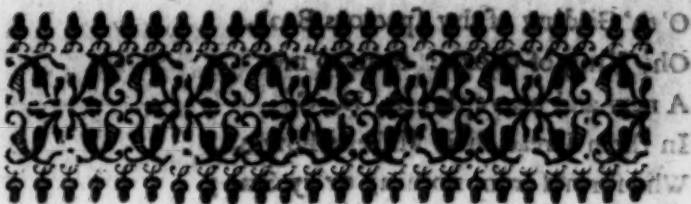
XII. and XIII.

Come, Bride of Youth,
All that can give
From the world
To the last
Both sexes, all Degrees,
Let's make an universal
In Marriage all united let,
And be like Heaven's Choir Divine,
For the Essence of all Wisdom be.

All Mercy, Justice, Purity,
By Heav'n and Earth, can never separated be !

XIV.

Intinck Worth from him will more Reward,
In Rage the crown'd, and Justice regard,
The humble Soul is self shall rise from Scorn,
At all that honour him, themselves adorn,
Mercy of Mercy, He ! had the only Skill
To sanctify the uncleaning Will.



A Midnight Thought.

SEE, how the silent Night invites!

See 'twou'd allure thy roving Wits!

Thou too too long hast Fame persw'd,

The Bladder of the Multitude.

He who will write for other Men,

But draws a mercenary Pen,

And Scandal meets in Hopes of Gain.

But he who does his Maker sing,

To others, and himself may bring

Eternal Wealth, eternal Praise,

Seraphick, and Angelick Bays.

Begin, my Muse, thy holy Choice,

And Heaven will qualify thy Voice.

Observe, what Silence, and what Awe,

The Moon does with her Chariot draw!

Hear you a Breath, or can ye find

The Prints of waking Human Kind?

Nature is hush'd; Envy's no more,

'Till Day her Objects fresh restore.

Malice, Death's gloomy Image bears,

And Sleep has swallow'd Human Cares.

The Stars, oh, Heaven! permit me look,
 O th' Gilding of thy spacious Book.
 Oh, King of Glory! form to me
 A new and heavenly, A, B, C.
 In them I read their Maker's Pow'r,
 Who form'd from nothing every Star;
 Whose Goodness too has plac'd 'em so,
 By 'em from World to World we go,
 And the Year's Variety can know.
 Nay oft, before his Justice, send
 An airy Deluge o'er a Land,
 Or Countries sweep with Civil Fend,
 For being most prophanely lewd,
 By uncontested Signs may tell
 Our Sins first form'd the Miracle.
 A Star does on our Crimes inveigh;
 As *Jonah* did o'er *Nineveh*.
 Happy the *Eastern Magi* were,
 Who knew our Saviour by his Star!
 In Knowledge happy! but in Adoration more!
 Oh! Heav'n of Mercy! Heav'n of Light!
 How excellently good and fit
 Is all thy wond'rons seven Days Frame!
 Blessed for ever be thy mighty Name!

Disce



*Disce mori, moriens vivens, ut vivere possis,
Sic neque vita gravis, mors neque tristis erit.*

*Be Dying, Living, learn to Dye,
And then you'll live Eternally;
So neither will your Life be sad,
Or you of Dying be afraid.*

I.

OF all the Sweets which Heaven has lent
On Earth, none like Retirement;
All Bliss and Transports are with me,
Contemptible to Privacy.

II.

The bustling Mortal strives in vain
To heap up Magazines of Gain,
'Till he can to his Bags increase,
Augment the Number of his Days.

III.

Exceedingly in vain we strive
For those who shall our Lives survive,
Unless we knew before we went
Our Wealth wou'd be no Punishment.

And

IV.

And who alive pretends to see
It will of happy Moment be,
While Man is to himself unknown,
Or by his Senses wrought upon.

V.

Old Age to much would more acquire,
In Plenty starv'd by vast Desire :
The Danger there would be more slow,
But more inevitable too.

VI.

Mid-Age does beautifully seem,
Yet may there Clouds arise in him ;
If he has Crimes thy Money's ill ;
If none, it may pervert his Will.

VII.

Youth, fond of fancy'd Bliss, will try
The most inhanst and dangerous Joy
Will profuse or penurious grow,
So thou wilt prove his greatest Foe.

VIII.

Let him to Toil be soon inur'd,
And Business for his Life procur'd ;
Ne'er let him think thou'lt ought to give,
But by his own Industry live.

IX.

Then if at Death a Surplus be,
To give it, is but Equity.
Mean while take innocent Delight,
And learn to be for Dying fit.

X.

If we devote our idle Time
To praising God, and serving him,
Our Hours with Scenes of Bliss will flow,
If not, produce successive Woe.

XI.

He gave us Beings, gave us all
That we can good or happy call;
'Tis but bare Justice then to pay
What Wealth we can, the Time we may.

Alas! how little shall we gain,
In thriving here for lasting Pain:
How much on th' other Side secure,
In losing this World's Wealth for Heavens pure.





To a FRIEND. On Confinement.

THY Want of Liberty no more bewail;
 For all Men are in Fortune's Goal;
 The World's a Prison of a vast Extent,
 And all are fetter'd that are in't;
 He only's most enlarg'd whose most content.

II.

Believe me, Friend, all Men are Goal-birds now.
 The World's not half so free as you.
 Led by our Passions in a Bondage vile,
 Of Freedom we our selves beguile,
 Yet dream not we're in Durance all the while.

III.

He only's free who to right Reason's Rules
 His Living squares; all else are Fools!
 If an ungovernable Appetite
 Compels me to unjust Delight,
 Is not my Prison hard? Am I no Slave to it?

IV.

Thus happily thou may'st compare and see
 How excellent a Liberty

Abandon'd

Abandon'd and Confin'd thou dost enjoy
Which angry Fate can ne'er destroy,
Unless she make thee once again her Toy.

V.

Thou may'st, and for thy Soul-sake prithee do,
The Road of Peace and Heaven pursue:
Thou, from the World's bewitching Beauties took,
May'st to thy Mind and Maker look,
And charm thy Fancy with a faultless Book.

VI.

How many dark blind Caves and Cells of old
Have seen the Penury and Cold
Of Bodies much less fit? whose Souls have fled
The Gusts of Life and Lust of Bread,
To be with Heavenly Manna always fed.

VII.

Lent thou ha'st kept, why not as well abstain
From Things which give Eternal Pain,
Since this is only a Probation-State,
Irons can be no heavy Weight,
If in the other World we curse not Fate!

D E A T H



DEATH.

ALL our vast Thoughts and mountainous Desire
 At thy Appearance turn to lambent Fires.
 Our past Atchievements little Value have,
 Unless they are of Purport past the Grave.
 Beauty, the vain Man's Boast, once Idoliz'd,
 Is as Corruption and Abhorrence priz'd.
 Nature starts back, aghast and terrify'd;
 And thy Reproaches can no more abide,
 Most equitable thou, all conqu'ring Death,
 In showing what we are, a Gasp of Breath;
 To thee the mighty Monarch yields his Crown;
 To thee the Victor lays his Laurels down;
 To thee the Ambitious Man surrenders Pow'r;
 To thee the Miser quits his hoarded Store;
 The Slave and Master share a common Fate,
 The Learn'd as well as the Illiterate:
 When its remotest Boundaries are past,
 E'en Wit it self shall suffer Death at last.
 Thy Arm victorious nothing can elude,
 Nature herself by thee shall be subdu'd.

Preserv'd by Providence eternally,
 The Good Man's Actions only never die;
 To him thou art an Arrow in the Air,
 The broken Parts again to each repair,
 And nothing else remains to human Sight,
 But to contemplate and admire the Flight.



D 2 FRIEND.



FRIENDSHIP.

A

PINDARICK ESSAY.

I.

TELL me, you friendly Brethren of the Skies,
 Who still alternately avoid the Morn,
 And with the sable Night return,
 Who each is glad to set, that's dearer self may rise,
 Wherein the mystick Knot of holy Friendship lies?
 What 'tis that frames this Unity of Souls?
 Not Fate has faster fix'd the Poles:
 What 'tis that makes us so much Credit give,
 And so intirely believe,
 Yet never, never once deceive?
 What secret Causes actuate the Mind,
 And make it all reciprocally kind?
 Uneasy when the pleasing Object's gone,
 To silent Sadness prone,
 Transported with the wish'd Return;

}

}

Repeating

Repeating all the Good and Ill we've born,
 Retaining nothing as our own.
 The greatest Interest proves no Bar;
 For neither thine or mine is ever heard.
 No Obloquies excite a Jar,
 Nor raise within us Jealousy or Fear;
 Much less create an open War:
 For Friendship Sentence does retard,
 'Till Facts demonstratively have appear'd;
 Much less can Whimsy or Design
 The solid Fabrick undermine;
 When that which makes Men Rivals, cannot part,
 Tho' nought than Beauty more affects the Heart.
 Strange! wond'rous strange Agreement this!
 Repleat of graceful Harmonies;
 Two Bodies to contain
 A single Heart, and double Brain,
 O'er all the World, and o'er their Passions reign. }
 What God presides, what Deity can move,
 What Sympathy allure our Love?
 Not such as Danae had from Jove,
 But as the Friend-like Angels use, and all the Blest above.

H.

Does Love's unerring Shaft engage, and wound,
 And make the mutual Warmth abound,
 At once the Lover and Belov'd possess
 With arduous Ties of Tenderneſs }
 In long-link'd Chains of kindest Offices?

Can am'rous Hopes, and immaterial Fears,
 Allay'd with pompous Sighs, and numerous Tears,
 D 3 Convey'd

Convey'd we know not when, which Way, nor why,
 From *Mira's* cruel, charming Eye,
 Be Marks of Friends eternal Joy ?
 No more then *Damon* dying for his *Phillis*,
 Will cease to die or change for *Amarillis* :
 No more then smiling *Iris* grants Relief,
 Nor quite so much as *Cupid's* God of Grief.

III.

Or is the Goddess never known
 To aid or own
 The Knot, but where a different Sex is shown ?
 Where Nature's ample Care procures
 The Hand, and still provokes, and still allures.
 In vain does Nature warm the sated Breast,
 In vain exposes Charms possess'd ;
 Repeated Viands vitiate the Taste.
 Fruition cancels Kindnesses before,
 As long, but mean Acquaintance makes us less adore.

IV.

Does Wit, a Shape, a Face, or Air,
 Or any Engine of the Fair
 This sacred Tie beget ?
 Or Beauty strike the League,
 While we contemplate it ?
 External Charms, improv'd by those within,
 Assur'd Ascendants gain.

But youthful Graces oft are lightly prone,
 Addicted to Intrigue,
 Unjust to other Failings, and their own ;

Inrag'd

Inrag'd Assertors of o'er-rated Parts,
Which soon estranges — ev'n well determin'd Hearts.

V.

Do tuneful Feet, or more harmonious Hands,
Or masc'line Rhetorick, produce
Like that which flowing Cicero wont to use,
Or *Maro's* more exalted Muse,

These strong Celestial Bands?

Or can a Voice perpetuate what it moves?

For Numbers potently perswade.

An Air enjoins, a Stop reproves,

And artful Flights dispose the sad

For Merriment: Notes graver sink the Glad;

But cannot yet the fast-chain'd Friendship bind,

Without the Eloquence of Souls be join'd,

Without the Musick of a virtuous Mind.

VI.

Do graceful Actions Friendships form?

Or Acts that gallant Men perform?

When all the World approve 'em great,

Auspicious Furtherances get.

In vain Fame's Trumpets prepossess

With Songs of Triumph, *Jo's* of Success;

If Home-done Works the foreign Deeds disgrace;

If secret Purpose animates the Toil,

For private Practices the publick Spoil,

As Drops of Rape a Flask of finest Oil.

VII.

Old Age's Pomp of hoary Years,

The reddest Day of all the Kalendar appears;

Experience

Experience crowns the ancient Head,
 From every gay impetuous Nonsense freed,
 With artful Foresight furnished :
 Right Thoughts of Things, of Men, and Manners makes,
 By former Errors faithful Measures takes ;
 Knows to abandon, and restore,
 Discard, preserve, discountenance, adore ;
 Who's best to follow, meet, avoid,
 Where Honour, Love, and Equity are join'd ;
 Who's casually sincere, who superficial kind
 By near Resemblances enjoy'd.

Ah Age ! ah reverend Brow !
 None sure so culpable as thou ;
 For oh ! the Passions of thy Breast,
 Opinion, Rage, and Interest,
 Dissemble, disavow, or disannul the Rest.

VIII.

Those sympathizing Youths, whose Hearts agree
 In charming, lov'd Variety,
 Who various Sports, and long-liv'd Pleasures try,
 Who (lack the Sight and Interests of Age
 To raise Obstructions) readily engage ;
 Who pardon slight Affronts,
 Relieve each others sportive, needful, utile Wants ;
 Do fairest for the mighty Purchase bid,
 When like true Friends they one another aid.
 'Tis here ! — 'tis this ! 'tis they that seem
 Establish'd most ! they most esteem,
 And wou'd be so in very Deed,

Did

Did not an *Helen*, or *Buceph'us* lost,
Or some less favourite Object cross,
Discard the God-like Sentiments they boast.

IX.

Joint Interests sure
Can make this League of Life indure!
Some Senses are too coarse
To feel the Effects of any other Force,
And Men than Interest reverence nothing more,
To it with one Consent we Incense pay:
Scepters like Plowshares own his most despotick Sway.
Those Pow'rs who independant seem,
Pay'n humble Vassalage to him;
All Souls of a contracted Sphere
The strictest Chains of Interest wear,
Whose Weight increases with the fruitful Year.

Tell me, thou darling Sovereign of the Heart,
And Mammon of the Eye, how great thou art,
Whether thou can'st Eternal Truth impart?

Tell me, thou God of Mortals, say
How thou acquir'd'st this universal Sway;
For we by prompt Affection thee obey.

'Tis thus——

Thou terrify'st with future Want,
And never fail'st to grant
Expected Favours to thy Suppliant;
Thou do'st! it's true, —— yet can'st not make
An Object lasting for thy Vor'ry's Sake;
But change Conditions, and thy Ties will break.
Friendship's a Flame for ever kind,

Immortal

Immortal as it's just ;
 T' a Mistress homely grown, for former Worth inclin'd,
 While thou the Drop of the Mind,
 Art a mere self-desiring Lust ;
 For take the Pearly Teeth, and Eyes, all Wealth away,
 And thy Immortal Passion dwindles to a Day:

X.

Tell me, oh tell me some of you,
 Who the chaste Goddess's Perfections know,
 Where 'tis they lie ? and what 'tis makes 'em so ?
 Whether Sympathy of Souls
 All other Obstacles controuls;
 Or whether we
 Must your Performance deify ?
 For Sympathy, however strong,
 Can't prove eternal, tho' it may be long :
 Time doubtless will Dissention flow,
 Unless 'tis bound by something stronger too ;
 And great Antipathy's from small Beginnings grow.
 So, tho' a Temper's much approv'd,
 And general's peculiarly lov'd :
 Nay, tho' the Body and the Mind excel,
 And are agreeable
 To us, as we to them :
 Unless for each we can an adverse Fortune stem,
 They weep when we, and if they were to dye,
 We e'en for them the Arms of Death supply :
 Tell me no more of Sympathy.

For

For if in such an Article
 Your boasted Semblance fail,
 It might as well have never been at all.
 If Fire, nor Foe, nor Poverty affright,
 Mere Sympathy's no more;
 Vertue alone can make you with Delight
 Such Ills acute endure,
 Your Friends good Fortune to restore.

XL
 Mortals 'gainst Fate can have no Fence,
 'Tis situated in the Hand of Providence;
 And when the Power supreme sees good
 To destine Men to a Field of Blood,
 No Arms can help, no Strength avail,
 United Friendship to withstand its Frail;
 Patience and Consolation's all;
 Else this immortal Pilot of the Mind
 Steers safe the Bark of Life, and leaves its Shelves behind.
 To her the Scylla's and Charibdie's are,
 As known and safe as Seas where never Dangers were.
 The Partner of her Voyage she
 Whether he in the Bottom be,
 Or only keep her Company,
 Ne'er makes Co-partner of Distress,
 But with an utmost, true Unwillingness,
 And ever makes her Sharer of Success.
 Together they,
 Or plow the peaceful, or tumultuous Sea,
 Concurring Freight, (or if they different Ends
 Pursue) she reconciles; but never breaks the Fiends.

If Chance, or Inadvertence bring ; —
 But Inadvertence cannot rest
 Within the Haven of a vertuous Breast,
 For Vertue's Wisdom, but the Name misplac'd,
 Or rather they're two Names for'n individual Thing;
 (For if a Hand, without its Fingers can
 Perform all th' Actions of a finger'd Man ;
 Then Wisdom shall distinct remain.
 Grant which, -- dull Folly and Conceit will move,
 And Cowardise be capable of lasting Love.
 Then Change of Mind for Strength of Sense may pass,
 Tho' th' Man of Levity's still thought an Ass.
 Then Prudence in Behaviour'll prove in vain,
 And Pride-like Temper an Ascendant gain;
 And both the Lyar and the Miser may
 Pretend to Friendships of the first Allay.
 They who presume a single Grace
 Enough to make a Man for wise or vertuous pass,
 With th' same Philosophy may deem
 A Harlot chaste, who knows not every Crime.
 A Hero from the vilest Rake may rise,
 Because he's Constancy in Vice;
 Bare Prudence, Truth, or Courage then
 Are single Members of the Mind,
 And make, if not with th' other Morals join'd,
 But a poor handle's Man.
 Wisdom's the great Perfection of the Soul,
 And Vertue sure's no Branch, but all ;
 Vertue and Wisdom then by standing for the whole)
 If

If then, (a Thought forsook to reassume)
 By others Negligence, Disasters come,
 Soon as espy'd,
 The dang'rous Wants are all supply'd.
 One stops the Chasm, Want of Care at Home
 Occasion'd thus unseasonably to ope.
 Now this the Smith acts, that the Carpenter;
 And now they to each other sails, and Anchors spare,
 Impending Miseries to prop,
 Without a private Hope of Gain to come.
 Their Kindnesses reciprocal,
 So frequent are and vast,
 That Gratitude alone wou'd keep 'em firm,
 Were there no other Motive left to warm;
 No Power but Vertue's felt at all.

For if the Mischief to that Height shou'd grow,
 And sad Necessity dispose it so,
 That one to help the other live,
 Himself a Sacrifice must give.
 Good God! how noble grows the Strife
 Between prevailing Death and yielding Life!
 Each labouring for the Gaol of Glory first;
 How great the Cup! how glorious too the Thirst!
 Death! certain Death, who'd chuse?
 Who'd, but a vertuous wife Man Life, refuse?

Living we know; but when we die,
 Know little what, or how, or where
 Our Souls surviving must for ever be;
 A Change so vast, and so unknown we fear.

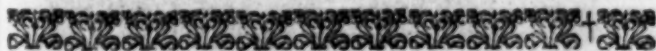
Tell me, ye Lovers, tell me Truth,
 Cou'd you to Chains or Poverty expose
 All your fond Wishes, and your blooming Youth,
 And after all, Possession lose?
 Durst ye? ——— No, Nature sinks a-pace,
 To think of Bread, and Water, and Disgrace!
 And Death's as much a greater Strife,
 As Luxury's beyond the common Needs of Life.
 Alas! how sordid, and how meanly you,
 Compar'd to the exalted Love of Vertue show!
 How poor are all Enjoyments else in Friendship's View. }





*An EPITAPH in Whitby Church-
Yard in the County of York.*

Here lies the Bodies of *Fran. Huntrodds*, and *Mary*
his Wife, who were both born on the same Day
of the Week, Month, and Year ; marry'd on the Day
of their Birth ; and after having had 12 Children
born to them, dy'd ag'd 80, on the same Day of the
Year they were born and marry'd, the one not above
five Hours before the other.

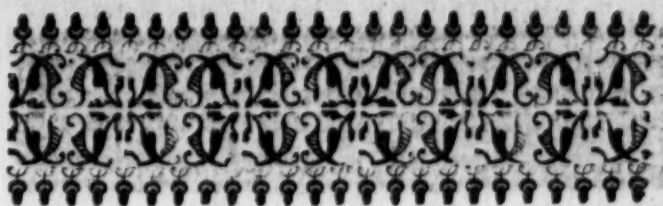


On the foregoing EPITAPH.

Husband and Wife cou'd ne'er more fitly join,
Fate so concern'd, the Knot must grow divine.
One scarce had Being 'till the other was,
And one but just surviv'd the other's Loss :
Neither felt Spark of Love's Celestial Fire,
But what the happy other did inspire.
Oh, Joy consummate ! Wedlock bless'd with Love !
Like this in distant Ages, who can prove

Two Strings of Musick so wound by one Hand,
 Which can their tuneful Unison command,
 In sympathetick Sound return their Voice,
 And in each other's Harmony rejoyce :
 As you wound up by Fate's unerring Skill
 Still found a charming Unison in Will.
 A fitter Match sure there cou'd never be,
 Who in their Lives and Deaths did so agree.





T O

L E S B I A *with a Fan.*

I.

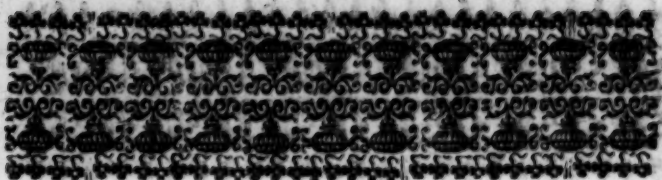
GO Agent of Delight,
 To th' Hands where all the Graces meet;
 Beneath their Empire thou
 Than Scepters wil't more awful show,
 And all Things yielding find, or all subdue.

II.

Go when she needs thee most,
 And tell her what of me thou know'st;
 Oh ! tell her, while she warms
 The Fire Love kindles with her Charms,
 All Intermission and all Art disarms.

III.

Then when she cooler grows,
 Conjure her by the Calm she knows,
 To do the like for me;
 A gentle Breath of hers will be
 More sovereign to my Soul than to her Body thee.



CUPID defeated.

A

FABLE, in Imitation of FONTAINE.

I.

AS CUPID, many Ages past,
Went out to take the Air,
And on the Rosy Morning feast,
He met OPHELIA there.

II.

A while he gaz'd, a while survey'd
Her Shape, and every Part;
But as his Eyes run o'er the Maid,
Hers reach'd his little Heart.

III.

His Quiver strait and Bow he took,
And bent it for a Flight;
But then by Chance she cast a Look,
Which spoil'd his Purpose quite.

IV. Dis-

IV.

Disarm'd, he knew not what to do,
 Nor how to crown his Love ;
 At last resolv'd, away he flew
 Another Shape to prove.

V.

A lustful Satyr strait return'd,
 In Hopes his Form wou'd take ;
 For many Nymphs for them have burn'd,
 Burn'd ! 'cause they cou'd not speak.

VI.

OPHELIA had no sooner 'spy'd
 His Godship Goat and Man,
 But loudly for Assistance cry'd,
 And fleetly homeward ran.

VII.

Perplex'd at her Affright, but more
 At's own Defeat, he shook
 The Monster off ; then fled before,
 And Human Aspect took.

VIII.

He smil'd, intreated, ly'd, and vow'd,
 Nay, offer'd her a Sum,
 And grew importunate and rude,
 As she drew nearer Home.

IX.

At last, when Tears nor ought cou'd move,
 He thus bespoke the Fair,
 Know, cruel Maid, I'm GOD of LOVE,
 And can command Despair.

X. Yet

X.

Yet deign to sue ! oh, bless me then !

As you regard your Ease ;
For I am KING of Gods and Men,
I give and banish Peace.

XI.

Or be thou *Love*, or be thou *Hate*,
Enrag'd OPHELIA swore,
I'll never change my Virgin-State,
Nor ever see thee more.

XII.

Exploded *Love* resisted so,
In Pity to Mankind,
His Arrows broke, and burn'd his Bow,
And left his Name behind.





T H E

Force of LOVE.

I.

WHEN *Cleomira* disbelieves
 Her Shepherd, when he swears, he lives
 Or dies i'th' Smiles or Frowns she gives.

II.

The Eccho mourns him to the Plain,
 And Pity moves in ev'ry Swain,
 And makes the Nymphs partake his Pain.

III.

But Pity and the Fair-ones prove,
 When *Cleomira* hates his Love,
 Like strange Embraces to a Dove.

IV.

For *Cleomira's* Hate can turn
 Fresh Youth and Beauty to an Urn,
 Death sure than it's much easier born:

But

V.

But *Cleomira's* Love can bless,
And turn t' a Grove a Wilderness,
A Dungeon to a pleasant Place.

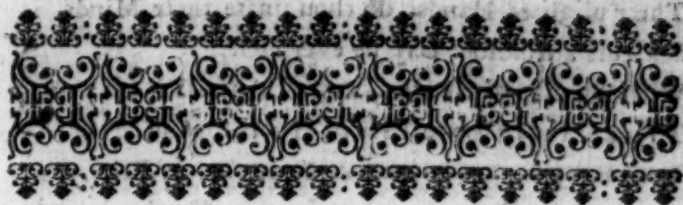
VI.

Without it Pleasure's Self will show
The Ghost of Sorrow haunting you
In all the blissful Things you do :

VII.

And with it Nature's self may fall,
Old Night and Death frail Men appall,
Without dismaying you at all.





ON HIS
FRIEND'S *Marriage*,
A N
EPITHALAMIUM.

*When parted, but like single Stars ye shone ;
But join'd, ye make a Constellation :
So Roses, when they are together laid,
Unite their Blushes, and are Garlands made.*

I.

JF I turn Pagan, and adore the Sun,
It must be now he drives his Chariot on,
To light blest *Damon* to the Pleasures which
Of all Things human nearest Heaven reach.
Hail then to *Phœbus* ! Hymen, light thy Torch,
And lead the happy Couple to the Church :

There

There as the Flamen at the Altar binds
 Their plighted Hands, do thou unite their Minds.
 Let this auspicious Day be ever blest
 With Thanks to Heaven, and an Annual Feast;
 To which may Love be a ne'er failing Guest. }
 Let merry *Fauns* twice five Nymphs, as Fair
 As grace the Plains, with twice five Shepherds pair,
 And teach them all in Order to advance,
 Each with his Partner in the Rural Dance.
 Let artful *Flora* spare no Cost or Pains,
 T' adorn the Woods, and beautify the Plains:
 Let th' Young and Fair, to grace the Nuptials, meet,
 And artful Time to Pan's skill'd Oat-reed beat,
 And Joy to Damon and his Bride repeat.

II.

Propitious Loves two fragrant Chaplets twine,
 Of rare Collection, and of choice Design,
 With which their Heads conjunctively they dress;
 Which manly Truth, and Female Love express, }
 Hearts interchang'd, and mutual Happiness.
 In his *Narcissus*, and the *Violet*, }
 Are principally by the Artists set,
 To shew that Love and Constancy are met. }
 Hers chiefly of the *Rose* and *Lily* wrought,
 Does powerful Sweets and Innocence denote.
 * *Jugatinus*, who join'd the happy Pair,
 And then to † *Domiduca* gave the Fair;

Tran-

* *Jugatinus*, the God which the Romans thought join'd their Hands.

† *Domiduca*, the Goddess which lead the Bride Home.

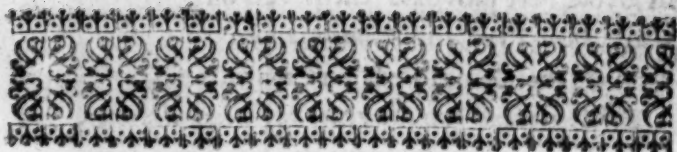
Transported at the Office he has done,
 In joyous Port provokes the Revels on ;
 While *Deus-Pater* and *Manturna* join
 To bless the Genial-Bed, and make it fine.

*The Young and Fair, to grace the Nuptials, meet,
 And artful Time to Pan's skill'd Oat-reed beat,
 And joy to Damon and his Bride repeat.*

III.

Apollo too incourages the Swains,
Apollo ! long Time absent from the Plains,
 With *Orpheus* comes to celebrate the Feast,
 His eldest Son, and skill'd in Musick best,
 E'er since his Loss, 'till now no Marriage-Guest.
Damon the God, and *Orpheus* *Cloe* sings,
Damon, who next to them can strike the Strings,
Cloe, who *Damon's* earthly Blessing brings:
Damon, for whom the Nymphs in vain have sigh'd ;
Cloe, whom all the Swains in vain have try'd ;
Cloe, of all most fit for *Damon's* Bride.
Damon, who will the truest Confort make ;
Damon, whose plighted Vows no more will break,
 Than th' trembling Needle his lov'd *North* forsake.
Cloe, not short of lov'd *Enridice*,
 'The charming'st Nymph, the best of Wives will be,
 Whose Soul and *Damon's* move by Simpathy.

*Let th' Young and Fair, to grace the Nuptials, meet,
 And artful Time to Pan's skill'd Oat-Reed beat,
 And Joy to Damon and his Bride repeat.*



A N

Æ N I G M A.

A Bout the Fair I claim a destin'd Part ;
 The most obdurate my Embraces court ;
 The Youthful, Aged, Virtuous, and the Light,
 Alike to my improving Arms submit ;
 The coy Maid shuns not me : Pride loves me most ;
 (For I of very many Graces boast)
 Nature of all the Fairs, she's fram'd design'd
 That I shou'd only be t'a few unkind :
 By Princes and Plebeians I am worn,
 Yet oft torment the Persons I adorn ;
 (And as Intruders on your Mirth are curs'd)
 At Balls and Feasts I'm generally worst :
 No Fair One sees the Object of her Will,
 Who takes not my Protection with her still.
 In various Shapes my faithful Part's perform'd,
 I'm one while beautiful, and one deform'd.
 Sometimes in Silks I flaunt my Time away,
 And oft in Steel do Penance for a Day.

No

No certain State of Form or Size I keep,
 And 'tis but very rare I go to Sleep.
 I am often nam'd, and talk'd of yet by none
 I' th' singular Number, tho' I am but one.
 Of all my Rivals, and I many know,
 Man is my great and formidable Foe.
 I'm ne'er with so much Pleasure laid aside,
 As when my Maiden Mistress turns a Bride.
 Oh Man ! I oft provoke and baulk thy Flame :
 Thou lov'st me, tho' in many Things to blame,
 And know'st me not thy Friend : *Tell what I* am.*

* *A Pair of Stays.*



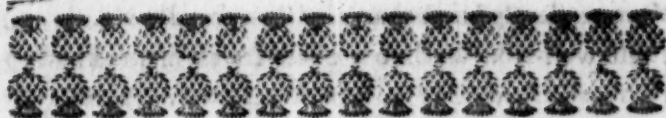


A N

Epigram on DRINKING.

DRinking, when moderately us'd,
 Like kindly Showers on Earth infus'd,
 Refreshes our too thirsty Clay,
 And for Life's tender Seeds makes Way,
 When blest'd with the refreshing Dew,
 It makes 'em sweet and vigorous too.

The Drunkard, just like Harvest-Floods,
 Unwelcome Wet on Nature crowds ;
 A still renew'd o'erflowing Cup
 Destroys the Plough-man's hopeful Crop ;
 But when the next and following Year
 With Harvest dank as this appear,
 Let Sophists what they will presume,
 A Dearth of Blessings needs must come ;
 The Bread of Health will surely fail,
 And they'll as surely discommend the Ale.



An E L E G Y

ON HIS

Deceas'd M I S T R E S S.

Quis talia fando

Temperet a lachrymis ————— Virg.

DEATH, a resistless universal Fate,
Does ev'ry Motion of our Life await,
And snatch us sooner, or release us late. }

I'm now at T——e, or my Soul is there,
Busied and entertain'd with Things most dear.
I'm walking, talking with, and loving thee,
Although thy beauteous Body cease to be.
The Trees in soft and conscious Murmurs sigh,
And to each other thy lov'd Loss decry.
Thy Grace was wont their well-set Shade to bless,
Thy Presence consecrated their Recefs:
Oh strange Remembrance! 'Twas within this Grove
I sigh'd in abrupt Sounds my early Love.

Thy guilty Eyes and blushing Cheeks here show'd
 More tender Softness than thy Tongue allow'd.
 These well-trod Walks our chaste Indearments knew,
 These wither'd Flow'rs (not sweeter were than thou }
 To thy known Hand their humble Heads wou'd bow. }
 Here many long revolving Hours we've walk'd,
 " And, Hand in Hand, sad gentle Things have talk'd ;
 Here I, as driven Clouds, to meet thee fled,
 When e'er thy Eyes call'd thro' the dusky Shade ;
 And here, oh Death ! to think on't, kills me more
 Than all those Joys, those Transports pleas'd before :
 I took my long, my ominous Adieu,
 Compell'd by Fate, curs'd Business to pursue ;
 Business! the poor Support of ling'ring Life,
 The Cause of endless Jargon, endless Strife ;
 Business! my last, my needy Days Retreat.
 Business! my Muses, and my Loves defeat ;
 Business! the Bane of all, and thy Betray'r,
 A Loss which Heaven itself can scarce repair :
 For oh! she's gone, the chaste *Climelia's* fled,
 Swift as quick Thought, to Regions of the Dead ;
 And I nor saw her Pains, receiv'd her Breath,
 Or did the last kind Offices of Death.
 My Body absent, yet my Soul was by,
 And busy Fancy can the Place supply.
 I see thy Fate with slow Advance move on,
 The Lustre of thy Eyes, thy Beauty gone:
 Yet Ruins of a glorious Pile appear,
 And but enough to testify 'twas there.

So when a noble Structure's torn by Time,
 Great Relicks show the Building once sublime.
 Hard Fate ! that Beauty falls an easy Prey
 To Death, not all her Charms his Rage assway :
 But lo ! the dismal Scene of Death draws nigh,
 Her Soul wings forward to her native Sky.
 A sickly bluish Taper guides the Room,
 And mourns the State it shows to those that come.
 Love and Amazement in each Face reside,
 And moving Tears in melting Torrents glide.
 Grief sits enthron'd on ev'ry Brow but thine ;
 There Constancy and Resignation shine ;
 Yet none like thee with Torments are oppress'd,
 None feel the Agonies of thy poor Breast.
 But when her dear, officious Father comes,
 With trembling Hand to feel her Pulse presumes,
 Lays his paternal Lips to her, and cries,
 How fares my Child ? And she to thank him tries.
 But the lost Sound's too weak to reach his Ear,
 And Signs alone on her dumb Lips appear.
 Now his extended Arm supports her Head,
 And all the troubled Friends get round the Bed,
 Death's Icy Hands his beauteous Prey does seize,
 And all her Parts are dying by Degrees :
 Her Eyes, which once shot Beams of burning Light,
 Are clos'd in Lids of everlasting Night :
 Her pale Limbs sweat, her Hands stretch'd out, and cold,
 The Soul its Habitation cannot hold ;
 Unwilling to resign her lovely Breast,
 It murmurs with Regret when dispossest'd.



On a very pretty, but very little Lady.

A SONG.

I.

WHEN Nature fram'd ORINDA fair,
 She show'd her utmost Power,
 More killing Beauties gave to her,
 Than all the Sex before.

II.

The Goddess had a Mind to try
 How far she cou'd excel,
 And call'd from VENUS ev'ry Boy,
 That serv'd their Queen so well.

III.

A CUPID scatter'd ev'ry where,
 And fix'd the Graces round,
 That when she'd form'd the killing Fair,
 Herself receiv'd a Wound.

IV.

For oh ! she lov'd the Work so much,
 Before she'd half compleated,
 She durst not strike another Touch,
 Left Fortune shou'd defeat it.

V.

For something greater plac'd a Shaft
 On what she'd spent her Skill in ;
 ORINDA thus of Height bereft,
 Was made *all over Killing*.



An HYMN to TYBURN.

I.

Hail, venerable Tree ! whose awful Shade
Protects the Good, and punishes the Bad.

II.

When injur'd Justice from the World withdrew,
She grac'd her Sword with thee a Gift most due ;
For thy unshaken Truth supports it now.

III.

Thy Vengeance all the World's wide People fear,
Thy Dread does wicked Wills from Facts deter ;
Thy Justice does not Friend or Stranger spare.

IV.

We, wer't thou not, thou'd on each other prey ;
For all Mankind by Nature go astray :
To Thee we all an equal Homage pay.

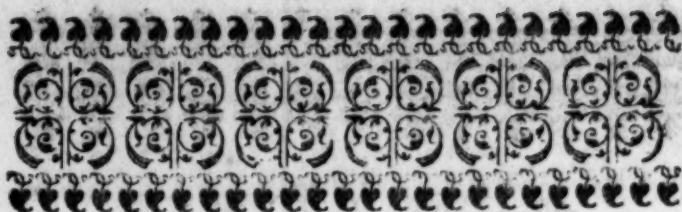
V.

Impartial Recompenser of the Base,
To Thee we seeming Piles of Virtue raise,
'Tis thee we reverence, and 'tis Thee we praise.

VI.

Hail ! too long fled ASTREA's Vice-Roy then,
Long let him live, and prosp'rous let him reign,
To succour good, and cut off evil Men.

Advice



Advice to PARENTS.

CHildren too oft their Parents Vices share :
 Contrary Virtues with a timely Care
 Shou'd be instill'd, as soon as they appear. }
 As broken Fetters make the Freedom wild,
 Unbounded Nature quite destroys the Child.
 'Bove all, their Constitutions study still,
 And as a Buoy, see thy mishapen Will.
 The Metal's thine, and thine is the Impress ;
 Then thine's the Fault, if 'twont for Sterling pass, }
 If blended Pewter, or if cover'd Brass.





The Happy Life.

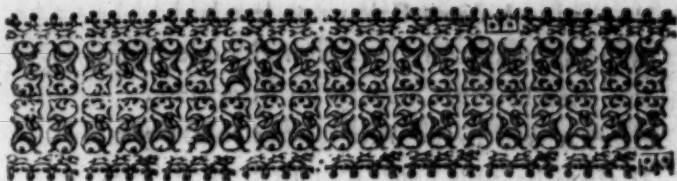
THE Hind laborious in his Cell grows grey,
 His downy Hours unheeded steal away :
 No foreign Arms in licens'd *Gazettes* fright —
 His Peace ! No Turns of State destroy his Right !
 In humble Ease, unminding and unknown,
 His many pleasant Minutes issue on.
 Alike his Days and Nights exempted are
 From Dread of future Ills ; all he's to fear,
 Is a thin Cycle and discording Year. }
 All Life's Supplies are found within his Growth,
 With wholesome Food his Hand sustains his Mouth.
 A homely Diet and a labour'd Blood,
 Give him a strange Propensity to Good :
 He never makes his Goods of Fortune less,
 By Male-Administration, or Excess, }
 Nor ever does another's Right displace.
 The changing Seasons differently share
 His constant joyous Work alternate Care, }
 And in their Order ever grateful are.
 Now Ploughs break up, now Compost feeds the Land,
 And fills the tir'd Gatherer's spacious Hand.

Now

Now Seed to th' grateful Earth his Arm commits,
 And now the Furrow for next Season fits;
 Then Flocks, and Herds, and Trees enjoy their Turn,
 His happy Presence blest, his Absence mourn.
 No Frenzy ever leads him much Abroad,
 On homely useful Matters still employ'd.
 To Market oft his well-fill'd Sacks he'll bear,
 Or bring his Wife a Present from the Fair,
 Or buy, or sell some useful Bargain there.
 Few Neighbours else take all his Visits up,
 Where good brown Ale is drunk in Nut-brown Cup:
 On rural Things true Stories they relate,
 And never meddle with Affairs of State.



Advice



Advice to the LADIES.

Would you have many humble Servants, then
 A Niceness not reserv'd will many gain :
 Or if you've single Aims at single Hearts,
 An easy Wit and Mein the Flame imparts.
 But when on some wise gallant Man you fix,
 Your self with Fears, nor him with Eyes perplex.
 Men hate a study'd Face, kind Looks allure,
 And kindle Flames too often found impure,
 But very rarely vestal Fires procure. }
 Trust not your self, to some known Friend impart,
 Of his and yours, the Anguish of your Heart ;
 Nor let your being unknown your Hopes appale,
 For Time and Application fathom all.
 Seek out the Bosom where his Secrets rest,
 And gain a Corner of that happy Breast,
 Or he or she conveniently may raise
 Your Character, and wound the Man with Praise.
 For them to term a moderate Beauty foul,
 Is best ; applaud the Features of the Soul.
 A moderate absent Beauty pourtray'd great,
 Grows less by the Definer's Strength of Wit ;

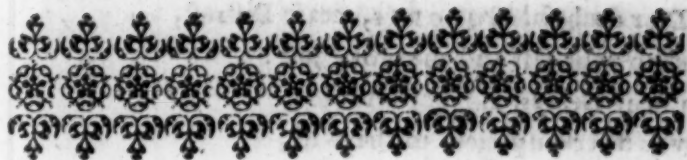
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While

While Faces most intollerably bad,
 By having hideous Colours on 'em laid,
 When brought to Light, are tollerable made.
 But then beware! Beware an Interview,
 For that will make him quit or follow you.
 If there he finds your light Demeanour rise,
 He hates the Friend, for Marriage is for Life,
 And Men see many 'fore they chuse a Wife.



To



TO CHLORIS.

I.

WHY, CHLORIS, will you prove unjust,
 And still your Slave and Charms distrust ?
 Why must not Prayers and Vows remove
 Your Caution; warm you into Love ?
 As oft as I for Mercy sue,
 And tell my humble Love and true,
 I see the Goddess *Pity* rise,
 And all her Train of Deities,
 Save Love, look mighty in your Eyes.

II.

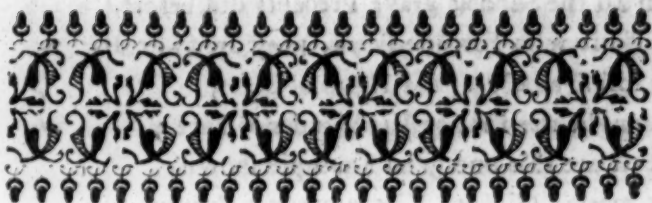
For then, ah then ! Discretion brings
 An Aid, which cripples *CUPID's* Wings :
 Your Prudence holds your liberal Hands,
 And Wisdom *Pity* reprimands ;
 Your Charity wou'd Bounty lend
 To all the Mis'ries of your Friend ;
 But Counsel then calls Doubt to Aid,
 And makes you of my Wounds afraid,
 And makes you your own Power upbraid.

III.

Dear doubtful CHLORIS, cease Distrust,
 And to your self and me prove just :
 No more Delays, no more Advice,
 Love's ne'er auspicious to the Wife,
 To doubting will not tut'lar prove,
 But always crowns the forward Love.
 Does Fortune favour Cowardise ?
 If ALEXANDER had been wise,
 The conquer'd World had ne'er been his.

}





PROLOGUE to CAIUS MARIUS.
Perform'd in private.

THIS Age is grown so desperately dull,
 That whosoe'er has Wit, is thought a Fool,
 Unless the happy Talent be employ'd
 In getting Gold, or gaining wealthy Bride ;
 For that's the most important Business now,
 The only Bliss our rigid Sires allow.
 Playing to them's a trifling impious Thing,
 Which pleases much, but does no Profit bring ;
 Wantons our precious Hours away, and makes
 Imaginary Hero's real Rakes ;
 Makes us prophane, lascivious and profuse,
 The Bigot-Followers of a Harlot-Muse.

To such, if any such be here to Day,
 I, in Behalf of all, am bold to say,
 There's nothing more instructive than a Play:
 For Plays at once Delight and Profit reach,
 And pleasingly insinuate what they teach ;
 Stamp on the Hero-acting Soul a Grace,
 Which neither Gains nor Miseries deface,

Refine his Language, and his Manners more
 Than all the Schools grave Précepts did before.
 Here those who Fortune scorn, they are so great,
 And loll supinely at the Helm of State,
 Are taught the strange Vicissitudes of Fate ;
 And all are this one great Example shown,
 Vice meets a Gibbet, Virtue wears a Crown.

But at the House, they say, Men Amours make,
 Go for the Mischiefs, not the Moral's Sake ;
 Men in their Cordials too may Poison take,
 May e'en at Church Intrigue there single out ;
 And Whores, if you suppress the Stage, no doubt,
 Can be at Church lasciviously devout.
 Good Things are often by Corruption made
 Much worse than those originally bad.

This to the Men.— Thus low we greet the Fair,
 In Hopes of Mercy and Compassion there ;
 For you as good as Guardian Angels are.
 Do you but clap, the Men will do so too ;
 If not for Love, in Complaisance to you.
 Thus by your Influence, we hope we may
 Atone the ill Performance of so good a Play.





To a Friend at a Feast with Musick.

I.

Society's the Bliss of human Kind ;
For there, while mortal, we our Solace find ;
And 'tis a Heav'n, if Love and Wit are join'd.

II.

Love forms Conceptions peaceful and serene,
And when inspired by the God within,
The Conversation's graceful and benign.

III.

Wit wings the Soul, and mounts the Union higher ;
Love unincited cannot much aspire ;
For Love's the Fuel ; Wit 'tis fans the Fire.

IV.

Then Musick's moving Touches plac'd to these ;
Musick disperses all our Miseries,
And gives a Fore-tast of celestial Bliss.

V.

The shining Souls which ever gladsome rove
In chaste immortal Fields of Bliss above,
Are Harmony all over, Wit, and Love.

VI.

So ye, as far as Bodies may, are blest ;
Thro' Love and Musick Thou, thro' Thee the rest,
And none so happy as your charming Feast.



*On a Lady's carrying ICOCOL. to King
CHARLES the First, when a Prisoner
in the Isle of Wight.*

DEgen'rate Men to one another raise,
For little Acts, huge Monuments of Praise;
And he who does his sinking Brother save,
Whole Catraacts of Eulogeys shall have:
Not that the Bounty truly merits one;
But such Applause to ev'ry Action shown,
Shews the World's Baseness, and conceals our own. }
What then, (large Soul) to thy great Act is due, }
A Liberality so strange and new, }
Our *English* Annals, nay, the World's ne'er knew.
When Years of Wars the Nation have imbroil'd,
Our Coin exhausted, and our Trade quite spoil'd;
If Men worth hundred thousands, Money brought,
Have they not twenty in the hundred fought?
Glad of the Nations Exigence, that they }
Their Use with Safety and Extortion may }
Upon their Bleeding Country's Cravings lay.

Base

Base Men, that would the World's great Int'rest drown,
 If on the Surface they could raise their own.
 But Thou! great, gen'rous Thou! uncall'd did'st bring
 An unask'd Bounty to thy captive King:
 Not potent Faction could thy Gift delay,
 Nor regal Chains affright thy Zeal away;
 Shut in thy sacred Lap the Treasure lies,
 Untouch'd of Enemies, or Winds, or Seas:
 Courageous thou, at Loyalty's Commands,
 Nor fear'd'st the Elements or Traytors Hands;
 Preserv'd by Heaven, of which thou wer't a Piece,
 More gladly gav'st, than *Jason* stole the Fleece.
 Thy Monarch knew not (in a Transport lost)
 If's Foes had wrong'd, or thou oblig'd him most;
 No Room for Form his scanty Words could find,
 A kind Embrace paid all: *And I'll be kind,*
If Heav'n shall e'er release, and make me reign
O'er my rebellious Subjects once again,
I'll make thy Fortunes great as are my own;
But if to me there be no Mercy shown,
I'll fix thy Memory with my living Son:
If Death should come, as none but Heav'n can tell
How mad those Men may prove, who once rebel,
I'll lay thy Off'ring at the Throne above,
And shew thy wond'rous Loyalty and Love.
 Thrice happy Dame: —————

In this inimitable Act thou'st done
 More than was thought on since the World begun;
 Reliev'd a Crown, a Monarchy oblig'd,
 Whom Winds, and Waves, and Enemies, besieg'd.

To

To Poverty thy self and House did'st bring,
By being bounteous to thy injur'd King.

But cease, her Friends, her Name, shall ever live,
If Verse an Immortality can give.

The grateful Monarch, as he mounted high,

Towards the guarded Passes of the Sky ;

As Angels lead him to his Seat of Rest,

Proclaim'd her God-like Action to the Blest ;

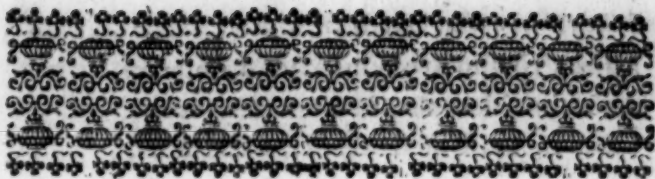
Told when the Nation sinn'd in one great Crime,

How she undid herself for Love of him ;

Spoke all her Virtues, and prepar'd a Crown

Fit for the Head it was to shine upon.





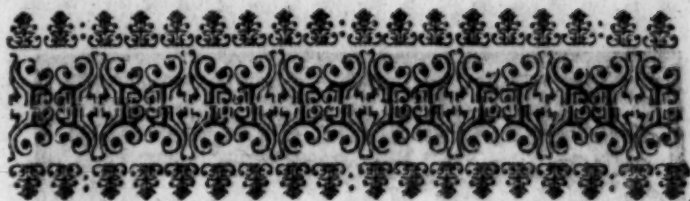
*To his MISTRESS on her lying in a
Bed troubled with Fleas.*

AND did you bear ? But that's impossible
 You shou'd like me such diff'rent Ag'nies feel.
 One while I view your Arms, and one your Breast,
 And other Parts anon as Fleas infest,
 Dear IRIS! like her cannot get to Rest.
 If they such Pains impart in their Patrole,
 What must a marching and retreating Soul,
 Whose Sense of Grievs the Bodies does surpass,
 As that's the Life, and this the lifeless Case ?
 Judge then by this short Night of little Woe,
 What my poor tortur'd Soul must undergo,
 And to my Suff'rings some Compassion show.
 Ah, do! for if your barb'rous Heart persist,
 My Life must pass without a good Night's Rest ;
 For even now, at twelve-a-Clock at Day,
 I envy and I hate the wanton Flea ;
 And Night, you know, not one Diversion brings
 To Grief, but aggravates unhappy Things.

I see

I see him sporting on thy panting Side,
 Imbracing thee, as if thou wer't his Bride.
 I see th' offended Hands in nimble Chase
 Endeav'ring to avoid his loath'd Embrace,
 And him salute thee in a another Place.
 I see, in Spite of all that thou can't do,
 Him still his Revels, and his Love pursue,
 Him still obstructed, still successful too.
 I see thee when the Night puts out the Day,
 To his, tho' loath'd Recesses, haste away:
 I see him blest'd again, and wish my self a Flea.





The PLOUGH-MAN, in Imitation of
MILTON.

HAppy's the Man ! whose pleasant Labours with
the Lark
Salute the Opening of the radiant East ;
Who, chearful as the Sun, begins his Task
Of cultivating Nature's plenteous Gifts,
Without a certain Hope, except in Heav'n :
Who in his Nostrils snuffs the Morning Dew,
And takes the Physick of the op'ning Ground ;
Yet feels no guilty Love annoy his Rest ;
No Lust of lawless Gain to make him rise,
And hammer Mischiefs for a sleeping Man ;
Who neither spurs nor spares his Beast too far,
But makes him serve the Purpose Heav'n design'd ;
Whose Team with Bells to him impart a Joy,
Like that old Soldiers feel, when Hostile Fire
Deals Death like Fate, and makes the Coward run
Or die, with Apprehensions vast and strange :
Or, as the Lover feels, when *Byblis* first
Agreed to Crown him Monarch of her Joys,
Lies shelter'd only in her Shift below him.

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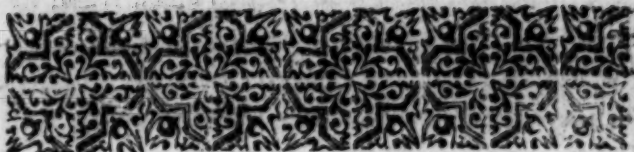
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EPIGRAM *on* SAPPHO's *playing an*
Eccho.

A Natural Eccho's rarely to be found,
 But where Rocks, Hills, or Caverns do abound, }
 Which catch and faintly do remit the Sound.
 If SAPPHO then can make an Eccho, where
 None of Dame Nature's Necessaries are,
 What's this but making, by her powerful Lays,
 Stones, Woods, and Mountains, follow while she plays?
 Thus then the ancient Riddle I unfold,
 SAPPHO does now what ORPHEUS did of old.





An EPILOGUE.

WHEN *Greece* was Mistress of the World and Wit,
 And *SOPHOCLES* and *SOLON* Stage-Plays writ,
 It was not thought a Scandal to the Wife,
 Shows to prepare for the glad Peoples Eyes,
 And crowns the Actors with the grateful Prize.
 In such Esteem the Theatre was then
 Amongst the wisest and the greatest Men,
 That they did gladly Governors remain :
 So much the Ancients did to Plays allow,
 The Stage was then, as is the Pulpit now.

The *Romans*, when their Eagles far had flown,
 And made all Nations Vassals to their own,
 Grew great in Arts, as fam'd before for War,
 And play'd the Heroes on the Theatre ;
 Thither the thronging pleas'd Spectators come,
 And fill'd the Gall'ries with unpeopled *Rome* :
 Where *Alexander's* wond'rous Acts were shown,
 While *Cesar* wept to think he'd nothing done,
 When *Alexander* all the World had won.
 So *Pompey*, fir'd with Love of Virtue, goes,
 And learns to conquer, and forgive his Foes.

Their Stage, like ours, (tho' ours so much is fear'd)
 By th' Wife was counted sacred and rever'd,
 The Peoples Bliss, and General's Reward :
 For there the Power of Virtue was display'd,
 And Heroes triumph'd after they were dead.
 So we, 'till drunk with Folly, mad with Rage,
 Have lov'd the honest Pleasures of the Stage ;
 'Till Knaves and Fools grew zealous and severe,
 And strove to damn the Poet and the Play'r,
 Because they found their Characters were there.
 But all their Efforts are unjust and dull,
 And still bewray the Coxcomb and the Fool ;
 For Poets shall have leave to paint out them,
 Whom no Church-Admonitions can reclaim.
 " A Play may find him, who a Sermon flies,
 " And so turn Pleasure to a Sacrifice.

F I N I S.





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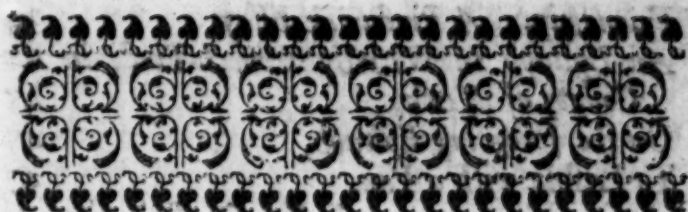
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ERRATA.

PAGE 5. Line 15. dele the Period. P. 32. l. 13.
for *the Ambitious*, read *th' Ambitious*. P. 39. l. 12.
for *pay'd*, read *pay'n*. P. 41. l. 29. for *Fiends*, read
Friends.



